

Fast

Juice WRLD

I been living fast, fast, fast, fast
Feeling really bad, bad, bad, bad
Time really moves fast, fast, fast, fast
But hurry up and get in your bag, bag, bag, bag
I wear Dior, not a fad, 'ad, 'ad, 'ad
I know all these niggas gettin' mad, mad, mad, mad
My hand on my trigger, I'ma die with respect, yeah
Fucking with my money, you'll get dealt like that, yeah
I took too many pills, count up the bills,
uh
Molly in my cup, I can't tell you how I feel, uh
Oh, last call
Oh-oh, that's gnarly
Every day I be counting up, counting up the blues
Count away, sometimes we always lose
I get high as a bitch, still the same dude
I was back then, and now I'm lost and confused
I ain't see it coming
I ain't see it coming
But it still came
I'm talkin' 'bout life, ayy (Talkin' 'bout life)
I been living fast, fast, fast, fast
Feeling really bad, bad, bad, bad
Time really moves fast, fast, fast, fast
But hurry up and get in your bag, bag, bag, bag
I wear Dior, not a fad, 'ad, 'ad, 'ad
I know all these niggas gettin' mad, mad, mad, mad
My hand on my trigger, I'ma die with respect, yeah
Fucking with my money, you'll get dealt like that, yeah
I go through so much, I'm 19 years old
It's been months since I felt at home
But it's okay 'cause I'm rich
Psych, I'm still sad as a bitch, right
I don't want nobody to think that I'm an asshole
I don't try to be mean on purpose, I promise
My mama taught me better than that, I'll be honest
I blame it on the drugs and this life I'm involved in
I ain't see it coming (I ain't see it)
I ain't see it coming (I ain't see it)
But it still came (Yeah, yeah, it still came)
I'm talkin' 'bout life, ayy (Talkin' 'bout life)
I been living fast, fast, fast, fast
Feeling really bad, bad, bad, bad
Time really moves fast, fast, fast, fast
But hurry up and get in your bag, bag, bag, bag
I wear Dior, not a fad, 'ad, 'ad, 'ad
I know all these niggas gettin' mad, mad, mad, mad

My hand on my trigger, I'ma die with respect, yeah
Fucking with my money, you'll get dealt like that, yeah Elevate, elevate, elevate myself
Now I'm on the ground
On the ground haven't been myself
But it's okay, it's cool, won't push the issue What happens next? Story to be continued, yeah
I been living fast, fast, fast, fast
Feeling really bad, bad, bad, bad
Time really moves fast, fast, fast, fast
But hurry up and get in your bag, bag, bag, bag
I wear Dior, not a fad, 'ad, 'ad, 'ad
I know all these niggas gettin' mad, mad, mad, mad
My hand on my trigger, I'ma die with respect, yeah
Fucking with my money
You'll get dealt like that, yeah
This is fire, hahaha, yeah
This is fire

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>